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would be called in question for having erred on the side of severity. He could tell how he has ridden into some village with a dozen troopers at his heels; how he has called for a drink of milk, and taken his seat under a tree, pistol in hand, while his men ferreted out the fugitive mutineers who had found their way home to seek concealment and sustenance among their relations and neighbors, and how very short a trial sufficed to convict those who were accused of housing and abetting the rebels.

When some mutineers had escaped, our commanding officer sent back his cavalry, with orders to take signal vengeance on the peasants whose treachery had foiled his carefully concocted plan. The regiment surrounded the village, *set the roofs on fire, looted the dwellings of what cloth and grain they contained, stripped the women of their bangles and anklets, and put all the males to the edge of the sword.* This was only one among many like deeds in India.

"The tone of the press was horrible. Never did the cry for blood swell so loud as among these Christians and Englishmen in the nineteenth century. The pages of those brutal and grotesque journals published by Hébert and Marat during the agony of the French Revolution, contained nothing that was not matched and surpassed in the files of some Calcutta papers. Because the pampered Bengal sepoy had behaved like double-dyed rascals, therefore every Hindoo and Mussulman was a rebel, a traitor, a murderer; and therefore we were to pray that all the population of India might have one neck, and that all the hemp in India might be twisted into one rope! It would be wearisome to quote specimens of the style of that day. Every column teemed with invectives, which at the time seemed coarse and tedious, but which we must now pronounce to be wicked and blasphemous."

NO CONSCIENCE ABOUT MILITARY SUCCESSES.—When a nation learns to associate its fame and greatness with warlike achievements, the question of right or wrong, as connected with those achievements, is absolutely ignored. It is not whether our English ancestors were fighting for the right, but whether they were victorious, that we trouble ourselves about. If the latter, though the cause they championed was as black as Erebus, we emblazon the exploit in the most glaring characters upon our national escutcheon. To this day British patriotism appeals in the loudest tones of exultation to the fields of Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers, as among the proudest remembrances in our country's annals, though the victories on those battle-fields were achieved in prosecution of as wicked a design as was ever cherished—to despoil the territories and to conquer the independence of a neighboring nation. Who asks or cares to know whether our cause was just at Blenheim, Ramillies, or Plassy? Should our neighbors the French feel the smallest compunction or check to their complacency in following Napoleon's triumphant career over Europe from this reflection, that his and their military glory was won in pursuing a scheme of selfish ambition which aimed at the enslavement of the world?

SURGEON ON WAR.—Happy the day when every war-horse shall be houghed, when every spear shall become a pruning-hook, and every sword shall be made to till the soil which once it stained with blood. It is of that my text prophesies, and my text naturally brings me to that, as the great climax of the gospel dispensation. This will be the last triumph of Christ. Before death itself shall be dead, death's great jackal, war, must die also. Then shall there be peace on earth; and the angel shall say, 'I have gone up and down through the earth, and the earth sitteth still, and is at rest. I heard no tumult of war, or noise of battle.' This is what we hope for. Let us fight on with diligence and earnestness.

NECKER ON WAR. (Concluded.)

Mankind, say apologists for war, have in every age been accustomed to it. Certainly, and in every age, also, have storms destroyed the harvests; the pestilence has spread around its envenomed breath; intolerance has sacrificed her victims; crimes of every kind have desolated the earth. But reason has also obstinately fought against folly, morality against vice, art against disease, and industry against the rigor of bad seasons.

But I hear it stated, as a last objection, that men delight in hazards, and often seek them of their own accord. I allow it; but, admitting that some men have voluntarily placed themselves in a situation which they know to be exposed to calamities, will the nature of these calamities be changed by that consideration? The ignorance of the vulgar is a protracted minority; and in every situation in which they may be impelled by circumstances, neither their first choice, nor their first impulse, is to be considered in this argument. We must study their sentiments in those moments when, distracted by a thousand excruciating pains, yet still lingering in existence, they are carried off in heaps from the fatal field in which they have been mowed down by the enemy. We must study their sentiments in those noisome hospitals in which they are crowded together, and where the sufferings they endure, to preserve a languishing existence, so forcibly prove the value they set upon the preservation of their lives, and the greatness of the sacrifice to which they had been exposed. We ought also to study their sentiments in those moments in which, perhaps, to such a variety of woe, is added the bitter remembrance of that momentary error which led them to such misery. We ought, more especially, to study their sentiments on board those ships on fire, in which there is but a moment between them and the most cruel death; and on those ramparts where subterraneous explosion announces, that in an instant they are to be buried under a tremendous heap of stones and rubbish. But the earth has covered them, the sea has swallowed them up, and we think of them no more. Their voice, extinguished forever, can no longer arraign the calamities of war. What unfeeling survivors are we! While we walk over mutilated bodies and shattered bones, we exult in the glory and honors of which we alone are the heirs.

Let me not be reproached with having dwelt too long on these melancholy representations. We cannot exhibit them too often; so much are we accustomed in the very midst of society, to behold nothing in war, and all its attendant horrors, but an honorable employment for the courage of aspiring youth, and the school in which the talents of great officers are unfolded; and such is the effect of this transient intoxication, that the conversation of the polite circles in the capital is often taken for the general wish of the nation. Oh! ye governors, do not suffer yourselves to be deceived by this mistaken voice. For my part, far from regretting that I have opposed, to the best of my abilities, those chimeras which are subversive of the happiness of mankind, and of the true greatness of states; far from believing that I have displayed too much zeal for truths that are repugnant to so many passions and prepossessions, I believe these truths to be so useful, so essential, and so perfectly just, that after having supported them by my feeble voice in the course of my administration, and endeavored even from my retirement to diffuse them wide, I could wish that the last drop of my blood were employed to trace them on the minds of all.

This subject is of importance to every nation; and the spirit of the reflections I have made, is applicable not merely to the nations whose interests are regulated by the pleasure of an individual. I address myself equally to you, Great Nation (England) to whom the spirit of liberty communicates all its force. Let the energy of your soul, let that abundance,

or that *community* of knowledge which results from it, lead you to those sentiments of political humanity which are so well connected with elevated thoughts. Be not influenced by a blind avidity for riches, by the pride of confidence, or a perpetual jealousy of others; and, since the waves of the ocean free you from the imperious yoke of disciplined armies, recollect that your first attention is due to the preservation of that precious government you enjoy. Tremble, lest you one day become indifferent to it, if from the excessive taxes which war accumulates, you expose to the dreadful conflicts of private interest, that public and patriotic sentiment which has so long been the source of your greatness and your felicity.

And may you, young and rising Nation (United States of America,) whose generous efforts have released you from your European yoke, make the rights you have acquired still more respected through the world, by employing yourselves constantly in promoting the public happiness. Sacrifice it not to vague notions of policy, and the deceptive calculations of warlike ambition. Avoid, if possible, the passions which agitate our hemisphere; and long may you preserve the simplicity of the primitive ages.

What more can be said? Here I should stop, for my feeble voice is altogether unequal to so important a subject; nevertheless, I venture once more to solicit a moment's attention. It is in considerations of public good, and just conceptions of true power, that I have hitherto sought motives to deter sovereigns from war; but I should imperfectly perform my task, if I did not endeavor to interest them in truths, the defence of which I have undertaken, by urging on them the close connection of these truths with their personal happiness.

How much has ambition, however dazzling and renowned, disquietude and remorse for its attendants! In the midst of battles and of ruins; in the midst of heaps of cinders, where the flames have destroyed flourishing cities; from the graves of that field where whole armies are buried, without doubt a name is raised and commemorated in history, even that of a sovereign who, to satiate his thirst for glory, has commanded these ravages, has willed these desolations. I will depict to myself this prince in the zenith of his glory and his triumphs, and imagine him listening to the flatteries of his courtiers, and feeling intoxicated with their praises, then retiring alone, holding in his hand the details of a battle. He reads attentively the recital, not as a mere curious inquirer who, having nothing to reproach himself with, calmly takes a view of the events, but as the author of such an accumulation of wrongs, and of which there is not one, perhaps, for which, in the inmost recesses of his soul, his conscience does not reproach him. He is at the same time on the point of giving orders for a fresh effusion of blood, of increasing the weight of taxes, of aggravating the misfortunes of his people, of laying his conquering arm heavily on them. What distressing reflections must present themselves to him! At this moment he would fain recall the crowd that had surrounded him. 'Return,' he would spontaneously exclaim, 'return, and repeat to me all that has even now intoxicated me. Alas! you are far off, and I find myself in a frightful desert, in solitude. I no longer discover the traces of my former sentiments; the light which dazzled me, is extinguished; my joy is departed, and my glory vanished!'

Such is nearly the train of reflections that would present themselves to the monarch when alone. In the meantime night comes on, darkness and silence cover the earth, peace appears to reign everywhere except in his breast. The plaintive cries of the dying, the tears of ruined families, the various evils of which he is the author, present themselves to his view, and disturb his imagination. A

dream, the noise of the wind, a clap of thunder, are sometimes sufficient to agitate him, and remind him of his own insignificance. 'Who am I,' he is impelled to say, 'who am I, that I should command so many ravages, and cause so many tears to flow? Born to be the benefactor, I am the scourge of mankind. Is this the use to which I should appropriate the treasures at my disposal, and the power with which I am entrusted? Hereafter I shall have to deliver up an account; and what will this account be?' It is then in vain for him to attempt to prop up his pride, and exculpate himself in his own eyes, by presenting to the Supreme Being his successes and his triumphs; he feels an invisible hand repulsing him, and apparently refusing to acknowledge him. Disturbed with these cogitations, he endeavors at last to bury in sleep the moments which thus annoy him, impatient for the dawn of day, for the splendor of the court, and the concourse of his servants, to dissipate his anguish, and restore to him his illusions.

Ah! what a different picture does the life of a beneficent king present! He finds in the inclination of his soul a continual source of pleasing sensations. The shadows of the night, by gathering around him consoling recollections of the past, enliven his retirement; the concussions of agitated nature, far from disturbing his imagination, awaken in him ideas which sweetly harmonize with his feelings; the love of mankind with which he is smitten, the public benevolence with which he is animated, that order which he has been desirous to maintain, recall to his mind the most delightful recollections. In such a career, the beneficent king sees his days pass away; and, when warned that the period draws nigh in which his strength must give way, he surveys with tranquillity this inevitable hour, and satisfied with the wise use he has made of his power, resigns himself to those hopes of which virtuous and sensible souls alone are capable.

How different is the closing scene of that sovereign whose views were influenced only by ambition and the love of war! How often does this last moment appear terrible to him, and of what avail are his most glorious exploits? Weighed down by age and sickness, when the shades of death surround him with melancholy reflections, does he then command his attendants to entertain him with a recital of his victorious battles? Does he order those trophies to be spread before him, on which he might discern the tears that watered them? No; all these ideas terrify and distract him. '*I have been too fond of war,*' was the last speech of the most powerful of kings; such were the words he addressed to his great grandson. Too late regret! which certainly did not suffice to calm the agitations of his soul! Ah! how much happier he would have been, if, after a reign similar to that of Titus and Antoninus, he had been able to say to the young prince, 'I have experienced all sorts of pleasures; I have been acquainted with all kinds of glory: believe a dying king; I have found no real content but in the good I have been able to do. Tread in my steps; entertain for your people the same tender affection I have felt for them. Instead of destroying the establishments I have formed for the prosperity of the state; instead of rejecting my principles of order and economy; instead of abolishing the laws I have promulgated for the benefit of the lower class, and the comfort of the wretched, proceed still farther, and let our names, blended together, be equally blessed. The only just opinion of us, is that which we leave behind; the only glory, that which remains attached to our memory.'

'My task is now at an end, and you are going to begin yours. Yes, a moment longer, and those courtiers who surround me, will attend on you; a moment longer, and the

drums of the guards will announce your accession, and all the splendor of the throne will be displayed before your eyes. Do not suffer yourself to be dazzled by these brilliant seductions of the supreme rank; but more especially resist these wrong ideas of the greatness of kings, which ambitious or interested men will endeavor to inculcate on you. You will be rendered envious of the power of other nations, before you have time to be acquainted with your own; you will be urged to destroy their felicity, before you have time to reflect on the good you may do to your own subjects; you will be solicited to overturn the peace of the world, before you have secured the maintenance of order within your own kingdom; and you will be inspired with the desire of increasing your dominions, before you have even ascertained what cares and informations are necessary to govern with prudence the smallest of your provinces. Mistrust all those measures with which they attempt to make sovereigns forget, not only the limits of their faculties, but the shortness of their life, and every thing that they have in common with other men. Stay by me a little longer, my son! to learn that the sovereign of a most powerful empire vanishes from the earth with less noise than a leaf falls from the tree, or the light is extinguished.'

THE WAR-SPIRIT.—Robles, an officer in the Paraguayan war now in progress, was taken prisoner with a severe wound, kindly dressed by the Brazilian surgeons; but rather than owe his life to them, he tore off the dressings, and bled to death.

DELUSIONS OF WAR.—We have heard that there is something noble in the art of war; that there is something generous in the ardor of that fine chivalric spirit which kindles in the hour of alarm, and rushes with delight among the thickest scenes of danger and enterprise;—that man is never more proudly arrayed, than when, elevated by a contempt for death, he puts on his intrepid front, and looks serene, while the arrows of destruction are flying on every side of him;—that expunge war, and you expunge some of the brightest names in the catalogue of human virtue, and demolish that theatre on which have been displayed some of the sublimest energies of the human character.

It is thus that war has been invested with a most pernicious splendor, and men have offered to justify it as a blessing and an ornament to society, and attempts have been made to throw a kind of imposing morality around it; and one might almost be reconciled to the whole train of its calamities and its horrors, did he not believe his Bible, and learn from its information, that in the days of perfect righteousness, there will be no war;—that so soon as the character of man has had the last finish of Christian principle thrown over it, from that moment all the instruments of war will be thrown aside, and all its lessons will be forgotten.

I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and

tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence. All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperative sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stript of its many and its bewildering fascinations.—*Chalmers.*

WAR ALWAYS SELFISH.—War is purely, intensely selfish. A nation fights, not for the welfare of its enemies, nor for the general good of mankind, but for its own pride, ambition, or other interests. Individuals may be disinterested; but nations have little regard for the brotherhood of their race. They commonly act on the principle of a base, all-engrossing selfishness, and glory in it as the very acme of their aspirations. "A statesman," says Channing, "is expected to take advantage of the weaknesses and wants of other countries. How loose a morality governs the intercourse of states! What falsehoods and intrigues are licensed by diplomacy! What nation regards another with true friendship? What nation makes sacrifices for another's good? What nation is as anxious to perform its duties, as to assert its rights? What nation chooses to suffer wrong, rather than to inflict it? What nation lays down the everlasting law of right, casts itself fearlessly on its principles, and chooses to be poor, or to perish, rather than to do wrong? Can communities so selfish, so unfriendly, so unprincipled, so unjust, be expected to wage righteous wars? Especially if with this selfishness are joined national prejudices, antipathies, and exasperated passions, what else can be expected in the public policy but inhumanity and crime?"

CHRISTIAN WITNESSES FOR PEACE.

EPISCOPALEANS.—*Soame Jenyns.*—If Christian nations were nations of *Christians*, all war would be impossible and unknown among them.

Thomas Scott.—War in every case must be deemed the triumph or the harvest of the first great murderer, the devil.

Bishop Watson.—Christianity looks upon all the human race as children of the same father; and in ordering us to do good, to love as brethren, to forgive injuries, and to study peace, it quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory, and utterly debases the pomp of war.

Dr. Fortin.—The consequences of war are too well known. They are the desolation of populous and flourishing regions, the loss of trade, the increase of taxes and debts, poverty both public and private, the destruction of thousands, and the ruin of almost as many families, besides the sicknesses, the famines, the iniquities and cruelties which always accompany a state of hostility.—The wars continually waged by Christian nations, are most notorious